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AN EULGIUM

Annually the Yuletide period brings with it a need of creditable mention to those indefatigable workers who, through their untiring struggle, have succeeded in benefiting their fellow men to a degree where they are justly entitled to the unstinted praise of their fellow citizens. Such a man the editor of the Prospector believes to be Prof. C. E. Tilford, principal of Tombstone's Union high school.

Educators such as he are born; no amount of training even for that most important of vocations could possibly make inherent the traits so obviously evidenced by Prof. Tilford during his more than eight years arduous service in the interests of our future men and women.

That peculiarly indefinable quality which seems to permeate his every effort on behalf of our young folks is by no means attributable to any desire on his part for monetary gain. It is an inherent desire to see the children made fit citizens of our community and the world, prepared to cope with any and every problem which may present itself in their future lives.

Both during school hours as well as before and after, he has given of his best energies towards developing in the minds of his students a sincere desire for betterment both by precept and example. He has not been content with educating students after the manner of schools, but seeks also to attune their ears, minds and hearts to a degree of musical harmony and efficiency.

During his incumbency as teacher he has successfully trained one of the best orchestras and one of the best school bands to be found anywhere, both of which organizations have been honored times innumerable by other cities as their guests, receiving well-merited praise for their work and, as a natural sequence, reflecting great credit to their instructor and director.

Prof. Tilford's name is on the lips of practically every one of his personal students, both past and present, and all with one unanimous accord acclaim him highest among the high in his chosen work. They feel instinctively that he has their every life interest at heart and declare they have found him always deeply interested in their smallest problems.

With such a man at the helm of the new Union high school when it is formally opened for school work next April, the people of Tombstone and of the entire district can safely trust the destinies of their children with the knowledge that each student will be cared for with a precise oversight of their interests, their shortcomings, or their talents, like that of a father.

The Daily Prospector, on behalf of the people of the school district, gladly takes this opportunity for extending the season's greetings with the added wish that we may have the benefit of such valuable services as those the professor is extending for untold years to come.

ABOUT BUNK GET-TOGETHERS

Just what good do readers of the Prospector think that our illustrious Governor Tom Campbell, can do by philandering off to Washington to discuss the prohibition question with Hon. Warren Harding.

Was this meeting of 14 state executives just a dodge for nearly two-thirds of that number about to be retired to the "heap" to take a Yuletide vacation?

Of course, everybody knows that the actions of state governors always makes good news copy. It gives the gullible public a chance to swallow a whole lot of slushmagush about "our governor," be he from Texas or Timbuctoo. He's "OUR GOVERNOR," and as such must have high and mighty reasons for doing whatever he does.

In this instance, however, a discussion of the prohibition question at this time of the year by a group of retiring governors, seems to us to be about as reasonable as melting ice for bathing purposes in mid-winter.

Maybe Harding thought he could get some first-hand information from the various retiring state executives as to the methods used by bootleggers in the several states represented. Maybe he thought he might constitute himself the U. S. Prohibition Enforcement Bureau and put the quietus on the liquor traffic. We say, maybe.

And maybe, which may be more the case, he felt he could have a nice sociable chat with the Republican brethren as to the outlook for his royal self two years hence. Again we say, maybe.

So far as anything substantial coming out of such fol-de-rol last-minute-of-office meetings as the one alleged to be for the purpose of discussing the rum traffic that's rot of the purest quill serene. The public sure falls for some awful thinly veiled political schemes.

The booze question? It's fairly safe to say they couldn't find time to discuss it, so busy were they in their efforts at trying to frame up a nice little rehabilitation scheme to be worked next election.

Of course, it's worth any governor's time to have it to say when he returns to his home-town constituents: "Yes, fellow citizens, the time I took luncheon with the president, etc., etc.," more bunk, eh?

In this country we're always making presidents

out of ex-wood choppers, ex-rail splitters, ex-printers, —save the mark—and ex-anythings. If they, as a rule, were good enough to stay un-exed, they'd be making a decent living at their old trades.

This prohibition discussion with these said governors by the Honorable Warren Harding was just so much potter, froth, but, as we stated in the previous paragraphs, it makes good newspaper copy, so we newspapers should worry, but you sucker public should "Order Worry" as the gentleman from Texas once remarked.

A CHRISTMAS EDITORIAL

By Archie Kelly.

Christmas time will soon be here with its bells ringing with good cheer. Nothing truer was ever written than that Christmas comes but once a year.

In all there is—in mountain range and billowed plain, in winding stream and desert sand, in cloud and star, in snow and rain, in calm and storm, in night and day, in woods and vales, in all the colors of divided light, in all there is of growth and life, decay and death, in all that flies and floats and swims, in all that moves, in all the forms and qualities of things, man found the seeds and symbols of his thoughts, and all that man has wrought becomes a part of nature's self, forming the lives of those to be.

But from none of our surroundings do we get the universal happiness and good fellowship that Christmas showers from impartial and invisible clouds. There is nothing in all nature to suggest the universal happiness that we experience at Christmas time.

Our happiness at Christmas time is an experienced effect, the cause of which we do not understand. It is within the bounds of reason to say that the universal happiness that Christmas brings is a taste of the true teachings of Christ, a taste of the true meaning of brotherly love, and in Christmas we have the greatest of all teachers, the fact that we ignore him the balance of our lives notwithstanding.

We speak of fairies dancing on the lawn, they are there; our hearts are the lawns and the happiness proclaimed for us by the unheard voices are the fairies of which we speak and the dancing is done by ourselves, for at Christmas time even the oldest and saddest becomes, for the time being, a happy-go-lucky child, an infant of the race, for at Christmas time even the sternest of the stern cut capers that would shock them at any other time in their lives.

Man proclaims the observance of many days, and in which we lose much time to observe, but man can not proclaim even the savor of Christmas cheer.

In Christmas, like in our great poets, nature says, hands off, children, leave my Christmas and my poets alone. You can not produce them by proclamation, nor by law. Let all the critics and all the legislators lay down the laws and my Christmas and my poets will violate them all. Except at Christmas, great music is always sad because it tells us of the perfect, and such is the difference between what we are and that which the music suggests, that even in the vale of joy we find some tears for there is a great difference between joy and happiness. Happiness is what we feel at Christmas time, and joy and sadness belongs to the sordid portion of our lives.

At Christmas time all sadness, all selfishness, and all sordidness is forgotten in the momentary happiness of the true meaning of brotherly love—a love that is being multiplied by every house dedicated to the science of learning.

Christ time and Santa Claus, like the idea of immortality that, like a sea, has ebbed and flowed in the human heart with its countless waves of hope and fear beating against the shores and rocks of time and fate, was not born of any book, nor of any creed, nor of any religion. It was born of human affection and it will continue, with the idea of immortality, to ebb and flow beneath the mist and clouds of doubt and darkness as long as love kisses the lips of death.

FRUIT CAKE

Ma's makin' fruit cake! Don't dare to get under her feet now, for her mind is on candied citron peel and spice and how many cups of flour and just the right proportion of brown sugar.

Fruit cake has the delightful quality that the older it is the better it tastes. They bake it with a paper wrapper on—women-folk are laughing at this description, but never mind—and the whole house smells of fruit cake all the evening.

Just the top of a fruit cake, with its little hills that hide nuts in them and little upsticking bits of cherry or raisin, its mysterious valleys that are full of sweet congelment, its browned crustiness—oh gee, Ma, can't we have just one piece apiece tonight, and make the rest do for Christmas.

Ma is firm. She has had these sumptuary supplications before, and she knows how to be firm when firmness is required. The fruit cake is the first thing she prepares for Christmas dinner, just as it is the last thing to be consumed.

And the best part of it is that, usually, when you come to the fruit cake part of the main Yuletide meal, you're so full that there's no room for as much fruit cake as you'd like to eat, and so there's always enough of that, at least, to bring the New Year's dinner to a fitting and fine conclusion.

In stressing its inability to pay Germany apparently overlooks its inner-ability.

The real problem in the cities will be faced when there are no places left to build garages.

The man who goes out to hit the high spots should be sure that his tires are puncture-proof.

A henna now and then is relished by the wisest women.

AWAKE THOU THAT SLEEPETH!

It may seem to the casual observer of Tombstone that something must be entirely out of all proportion when persons desiring to buy or rent homes cannot find them in town.

What's the reason for such a condition of affairs?

Is it possible that our men with surplus money would rather invest that surplus in bonds of one character or another at a puny four or five per cent when, with a comparatively small investment in home-building, they might readily obtain from 15 to 25 per cent?

No observant resident can possibly deny the fact that property values in Tombstone have during the past five or six years increased nearly three-fold, and with none for sale.

Not a night passes at this time of the year but tourists find themselves without hotel or rooming accommodations. Not a night passes but someone coming from east or west seeking a decent place to locate. Yet they are, through lack of accommodations, compelled to look elsewhere.

It most certainly is a pitiable commentary upon the enterprise of our citizens who so readily let easy money pass from their midst to be eagerly grabbed up by our neighbors on both sides. Who ever heard of a normally constituted community with less than three empty houses to be had.

Not everyone wants a four-room house, nor a six-room house, nor an eight-room house. But here they might want any old kind of a house but could not find one.

Tombstone can never hope to expand in any sort of a normal way, either by attracting manufacturers to town nor workers either, for the matter of that, unless some far-sighted people get busy and start building a few ten-antable homes for folks to live in.

An investment of \$1500 or \$2000 in property and building would bring its builder from \$25 to \$35 monthly in rentals. The same investment in bonds would bring in possibly \$100 annually. Where's the sense of such investment?

Headiness, factionalism and friction never made for the upbuilding of any project. Dissension and discord must give way to understanding and concord, or Tombstone must ultimately resolve itself into a condition where its name will fit it without the possibility of recall.

We should write eulogies, not epitaphs, on the scroll of public endeavor; we should stand shoulder to shoulder in any and every enterprise that gives promise of mutual benefit. We must at all times lend of our time and substance towards the community's betterment. Until this is done consistently we will be like the proverbial ostrich with its head in the handiest hole, we will get nowhere, and it is but a short step from that condition to crepe.

THE BEST REFERENCE

"And when I opened the door," said the banker, "there he was on the floor on all fours, one baby on his back yelling, 'Giddap, Daddy,' and the two of them giving chase to the other kid. They were making so much racket that with their shouting and laughing and their banging around the furniture that they didn't hear me, and so I quickly stepped back across the threshold and rang the bell."

"Well, then did he—?"

"Yes; his wife came in from the kitchen and she had him up in a minute, all flushed, his tie awry, his hair tousled, the kids still clinging to him when he answered the doorbell."

"I know, but did you—?"

"Why, certainly. He offered me references and I carefully looked them up. But the best reference that fellow could give me for a loan on his house was that scene with him rollicking over the floor with his babies. A man who loves his home that much isn't going to lose it. A man whose babies love him that much isn't going to see them suffer. I told you I never took a chance on a really loan and I meant it. I wasn't taking a chance. He could have had double the amount."

Just a chance conversation, faithfully recorded. The banker mentioned is known to his associates as tight-fisted. He is a success because he knows human nature. He is "human" because he constantly uses his head.

PASSENGER ON GOLDEN

STATE JUMPS TRAIN

DOUGLAS, Dec. 18.—Douglas railroad officials were notified yesterday morning that a passenger on the Golden State which went through Douglas about 1 o'clock was missing and must be somewhere in the mountains surrounding Douglas. The man was found unconscious in the hills east of Douglas about 10 o'clock and a short time afterward was brought to the city.

The passenger's name was John Moffatt, and he boarded the train at Hutchinson, Kansas, with a ticket routed to Mesa. He acted queerly. The conductor and porter persuaded him to retire at Rodeo and fastened the curtains of his berth and believed him to be asleep until the train reached Osborne. In the darkness it was impossible to find him and besides searching parties had a wide area to search over before they found him.

LARGE AUTO STAGE

GOES INTO DITCH

TUCSON, Dec. 19.—For the second time within three weeks, passengers on the bus line which operates between El Paso and Los Angeles, experienced a narrow escape from serious injury early Friday afternoon when one of the busses, carrying 12 people in addition to the driver, plunged from the highway about 15 miles north of Tucson on the Florence road, overturned and fell upon its side in the ditch alongside the road.

Two men suffered injuries in the accident, but neither was seriously injured, and only slight medical attention was needed. One man, who gave his name simply as "Jesus," a Mexican laborer, on his way to El Paso, suffered several deep cuts about the face and a number of painful bruises about the body, but was able to continue his journey by rail.

SONORA RAISES DUTY

ON EGGS 100 PER CENT

DOUGLAS, Dec. 19.—The first case to be handled by the newly organized chamber of commerce in Agua Prieta will be an effort to rescind a recent increase made by the Sonora state government on import duties for American eggs, it became known yesterday. Effective December 20, the import duties on this commodity will be raised from 50 cents a case to \$1.35, or more than 100 per cent.